Clare (R.) L.

THE ENGLISH HERO:

OR, THE Duke of Marlborough.

A

POEM,

Upon the late Glorious Victory over the

French and Bavarians,

At *Hochstetten.*

Dedicated to Her Grace the Dutchess of *Marlborough.*

LONDON

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TO

Her GRACE

THE

Dutchess of Marlborough.

MADAM,

AS *a Lover of my* Queen *and* Country, *I cannot but think it my Duty to expreſs my Joy for the late Glorious* Victory *obtain'd over our Enemies, by the Never-enough-to-be-prais'd* Duke, *Your Grace's Conſort, whoſe* Virtues *and* Valour *is now the Subject of the whole World: Which however I have eſſay'd, I humbly confeſs 'tis but meanly; but preſuming on Your Grace's Goodneſs, that regards more the* Intention *than* Performance, *I humbly crave Leave to lay this* Poor Mite *at your Grace's Feet, who am,*

MADAM,

Your moſt Obedient Humble Servant,

R. CLARE.

TO

Her GRACE

THE

Dutchess of Marlborough.

MADAM,

AS I Love my Queen and Country, I cannot but think it my Duty to express my Joy for the late Glorious Victory obtain'd over our Enemies, by the Never-enough-to-be-prais'd Duke, Your Grace's Consort, whole Vittues and Valour is now the Subject of the whole World: Which however I leave off, I humbly confess 'tis but meanly; but presuming on Your Grace's Goodness, that regards more the Intention than Performance, I humbly crave Leave to lay this Poor Mite at your Grace's Feet,

1860

Your Grace's most humble Servant,

R. C. L. I. S.

THE
Engliſh HERO, &c.

ROuze up, ye drowſie Mortals! at the Call
Of *Victory*'s Triumph, to Rejoice us all
That are the Subjects of a Glorious *Queen*,
Whoſe Happy Arms (the like has never been!)
Has gain'd ſuch good Succeſs, as *All* muſt own
That Heav'ns Bleſſings ſtill ſupports her Throne;
Whoſe Clemency and Juſtice (both) excell
What *Chronicles* of Royal Worthies tell;
Their Fame to Heav'n, in repeating, riſe;
Yet, yet to HER we all muſt own the Prize.

Her Wiſdom choſe *Brave Marlborough* to oppoſe
The Inſolence and Power of her Foes;
A happy, happy Choice! ſince he hath done
The Work, for *England*'s Glory and his own.

Behold! behold! the Noble Victor comes
With ſound of Trumpets, and with beat of Drums,

Inſpiring Courage in his Men *by's own*,
Who boldly follow when they're *well* led on
By One whoſe *Conduct*'s ſuch, that each Man may
Preſume he's ſafe who his Commands obey.

The Enemy appear, the Fight's begun,
Great *Marlborough* thro' Fire and Smoak does run,
And, to ſubdue them, does no Danger ſhun.
His Soldiers by's Example all appear
As if they'd give a *Finis* to the War;
For ſtedfaſtly they ſtand, and eagerly
Reſolve to kill, or elſe themſelves to die,
As thinking they can never better fall,
Than for *ſo good a* QUEEN, and *valiant* GENERAL.
Succeſs in Triumph rides; the Enemy
Surrounded are, and in Confuſion die;
The *Frenchmens* Blood the Field of Battle ſtains,
And *Engliſhmen* the only Honour gains:
Great *Marlborough* and *Eugene* force their way
Into their Troops, and *Thouſands* of 'em ſlay,
Whoſe ſlaughter'd Bodies on the Ground does lie,
And Mountains make, as Steps to *Victory*.
Bavaria and *Tallard* (both) in vain
Endeavour their loſt Ground to re-obtain,
Whilſt *Marlborough* and *Eugene* ſcours the Plain;

Whoſe

Whoſe brandiſh'd *Swords*, like Lightning in their *Eyes*,
Strikes them with Fear, Amazement and Surprize;
At length they from the *Heroes* ſtrive to run,
And greater Dangers meet than thoſe they ſhun;
Fill'd with Deſpair, they in Diſorder fly,
And court the *Danube* in their Miſery,
Who can no other Succour let 'em have,
Than yield her Billows up to be their Grave.
Bavaria's quite undone, and *Tallard* he
Is taken Priſoner by his *Enemy*,
With's other Officers, both great and ſmall,
A total Conqueſt being gain'd o'er all.

The Battle o'er, the Noble Victors ſmile,
Whilſt ſpeedy *Fame* haſteth unto our Iſle,
And with unwearied Wings ſhe flies around,
Great *Marlborough*'s Glory e'ery where to ſound.
Great Multitudes with Joy tranſported are,
And *Marlborough*'s Praiſes reaches e'ery *Ear*;
Nothing but *Vict'ry*'s heard throughout the Land,
Obtain'd by *Marlborough*'s ſucceſsful Hand,
Whoſe *Virtues*, and whole *Valour*, are too great
For my weak *Pen* to write, or any *Tongue* repeat.

The

The only Offering that we can pay,
Is but our *Love* and *Prayers* for him each day,
Who hath ſuch Wonders done, as all agree,
Was never known in any Memory.

Whilſt *Marlb'rough* lives, proud *Spain* and *France* muſt [fear,
His Conq'ring Sword threatning their Ruin near:
And our Illuſtrious *QUEEN*, for whom he fights,
Shall ſave her Own, reſtore her Neighbour's Rights.
Heav'ns on our ſide, he's Heav'ns Favourite,
The Glory of the World, Mankind's Delight!

May then the Great and Glorious GOD above
Prolong *his* Days, encreaſe the *People's* Love,
And make his Happineſs equiv'lent to
The Greatneſs of his Actions, which out do
All thoſe *Renowned Heroes* of the Earth,
Whoſe Virtues add a Luſtre to their Birth.
And may *freſh Victories* by him be won,
To grace his *Royal Miſtreſs* on the Throne,
The beſt of *Queens* that ever ſate thereon:
Whom Heaven long preſerve, that SHE may be
A Juſt Rewarder of ſuch Men as HE.

1860

FINIS.